THE WESTERN LUMINARY.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.—THOMAS T. SKILLMAN, EDITOR, PRINTER AND PROPRIETOR.

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TERMS OF THIS PAPER.

Two Dolls. per ann. if paid in 6 months. Two dolls & 50 cts. at the end of the year All subscriptions to continue till paid up.

INTELLIGENCE FROM LIBERIA.

The intelligence received at the office of the American Colonization Society from Liberia is of the most gratifying character. We give the following extracts from the letters of the Colonial Agent.

"Having been absent from Monrovia, on a visit to the Gallinas, until within forty eight hours of the sailing of the Tamworth; it is not possible to enter into the particulars of the state of the Colony. The ordinary measure of prosperity continues to attend it. The colonies were never more healthy at any season Factory Island, and a large district (unlimited on one side,) of the Grand Bassa Country, now belongs to your institution. A large public house has been built for us by the late proprietors of the country, on Factory Island, and we expect next week to begin the first settlement there, by establishing two respectable families on the Island.

Caldwell is in a very prosperous state. A new town for recaptured Africans has been founded on the Stockton creek. One of the boats, of which the frames were brought out by the Indian Chief, has been more than a month completed, in which time I have visited a greater extent of the part of this coast, than from the want of so commodious a conveyance, I had ever been in a capacity to do. She has a large cabin, a brass six pounder, pivot mounted, and 12 stand of arms Having a strong crew, she is able to resist most of the small pirates on the coast. Her utility to the colony is nearly inestimable.

There are more than twelve public buildings, including three new fortifications, going forward, of which a particular account may be expected.

We still enjoy a state of profound tranquility, as regards our relations with all the tribes of the country. The last season was most abundantly prolific in rice. Never has our settlement been in so favorable a state to admit, I may add, to require, a very large addition of settlers, as at the present moment. All this region of Africa opens its bosom for the reception of her returning children. I rejoice in the testimonials, furnished in different ways, of a growing and enlightened interest in the object of your Board among the American people. It is one of those great and benevolent designs, on which the merciful Father of all mankind loves to smile, which the American Colonization has undertaken. Its root is deep, and its growth, however gradual, I entirely believe to be sure. But the greatest difficulties the cause has always struggled with, I never supposed to lie on this side of the ocean. To obviate prejudices, and unite the exertions, and rouse the enterprise of the whole American people—this is the great labor. And to such as most successfully engage in and prosecute it, will be chiefly due the acknowledgments of posterity.

It becomes me to mention, by this conveyance, that I have obtained the perpetual grant, rent free, of an indefinite tract of country, between the two Jouck rivers, 35 to 40 miles to the leeward of the Cape. This is a very important acquisition. The country people begin, as a customary thing to honour me with the title of "headman of all their country," and "Father of we all," and whenever a proposition is submitted to them they are in the habit of replying, "you know best what is good for us."—*Nat. Journal.*

From the Bost. Rec & Telegraph.

TOBACCO.

The common chewing of tobacco is intemperance. It is so upon the principles which I stated in a little article upon snuff-taking in a late Recorder. It is the wasteful and injurious use, of that which was designed for good. All the modes of using tobacco would be offensive to cleanliness, but for the influence of custom. Chewing and smoking render the breath disagreeable, create thirst, and have a direct leading towards the intemperate use of spiritous liquors. What all the uses are, for which tobacco was designed, I will not undertake to say. The farmers employ it to free their cattle, and housewives their bedsteads, from vermin; and it answers a very valuable purpose in preserving property fro moths and other insects, during the hot season. All those purposes would of course fail, if these little animals, imitating their superiors, should become snuffers, chewers and smokers. We have reason to be glad that our inferiors have here too much good sense to imitate our example. Of all the odd freaks of a perverted mind, the use of tobacco is surely the oddest. That whole nations of rational beings should spend hours in drawing the smoke of burning tobacco into their mouths, and blowing it out again, is very strange. And for proof that this is the case, I appeal to Knickerbocker's history of New York. It is no less strange that large and expensive establishments find employment in pulverising this weed, and that then, thousands snuff it up their noses, until their heads are nearly as hard pressed, as the bladders in which it comes from the factory. Perhaps it is stranger still, that other multitudes chew it, cavendish, ladies-twist and pig tail, until nothing but a different formation of the foot is necessary to bring them within the mosaic rule of clean beasts. Nothing of all this is natural. Until the senses are brought into vile servitude, they utterly revolt at the use of tobacco. The nose sneezes, the mouth spits, and the stomach vomits. Why should tobacco, more than a thousand other plants, be selected for all this use. I challenge any smoker to tell me the superiority which the smoke of tobacco has over that of hickory wood; and yet this he refuses, although he may fill his mouth with it, without expense. The use of tobacco is quite a modern folly. It was a poisonous Indian weed unknown in Europe until the discovery of America, and yet so immense is its consumption that it forms one of the principal articles of export from this its native country. Hundreds of cargoes of it, are now snuffed, chewed and smoked by the most enlightened as well as the most savage nations Is there any other of poor human nature's vagaries in which our race appears so ridiculous? Oh, what a burlesque on man!

ANTI-QUID.

CURE FOR DRUNKENNESS.

Having received several letters from a distance, inquiring whether any confidence is to be placed in the remedy for intemperence proposed by Dr. Chambers, we have taken some pains to ascertain the proper answer.

A woman between 50 and 60 years of age, was brought to our office, who stated that she had been addicted to the vice of intemperance for 25 years; but after making use of the medicine four times, she lost all desire for intoxicating liquors, and her appetite for food returned. It is now two or three weeks since she was cured. There was a gratitude in her features which showed how much she valued the remedy.

A silver-smith in this city, who had found the medicine effectual, returned after a month, and in addition to the usual fee, presented the Doctor with a set of silver spoons. This shows how much he valued the remedy

A woman, whose husband was in habits of intemperance, and when intoxicated was very violent, procured some of the medicine, and committed it to a neighbor where he was accustomed to call for drink He took a few draughts of it at different times, and lost his relish for intoxicating liquors. After a few days his wife said to him, Shall I get you a little brandy? "No, my dear!" he replied, "I'm not dry. I don't know what is the matter of me lately; but I've no desire for it"

These two last cases were stated to us by a gentleman who is entirely disinterested, and was personally knowing to them. He tells us he might increase the number to almost any extent.

Our belief is, therefore, that the remedy is valuable; that in many cases it effects a radical cure, by being taken once or twice; that in others it requires to be repeated a greater number of times; and that in some obstinate cases, it will not cure at all. It can be forwarded through the Post Office, with directions how to prepare it.

N. Y. Observer.

"What has it Cost?"—After stating some of the results of missions, in an address before a Missionary Society the speaker said, "All this is done; and Mr. President, what has it cost? Why, cost, Sir! I am ashamed to say what it cost! Four dollars a piece we pay for our bill of intoxication; two dollars for the benefit of a good government; but our bill for missionary operations, including the support of Bible, Tract, Education, Domestic and Foreign Missionary Societies, is on an average one cent. For the ruin of our country, four dollars! for the salvation of the world, one cent"

EFFECTS OF THE BIBLE ON HEATHEN.

Address of Mr. Ellis, from the South Sea Islands, before the British and Foreign Bible Society.

The first Missionaries who reached their shores, found the language of these islanders distinguished by its beauty, variety, and strength; but, like their mountains and their valleys, it was uncultivated. Its elements they reduced to a system; books were prepared; and the natives taught to read. Portions of the Scriptures have been translated, and not less than 26,000 copies of different parts of the Sacred Volume have been printed on paper liberally furni-hed by the British and Foreign Bible Society, and distributed among the people; of whom, in all the islands, there are probably 10,000 capable of reading in their own language "the Holy Scriptures, which are able to make them wise unto salvation."

England, my lord, may have many friends, but there are none who feel a more lively or affectionate concern for the advancement of her best interests than the natives of the South-Sea Islands; they look to Britain as the agent, under God, from whom they have received all those blessings which the Gospel has imparted. The tie that binds them to us is the tie of gratitude; and often is that gratitude expressed, when, in their worshipping assemblies, they pray for Britain. "Thence came the word of God to us," they say. "Long may that word grow there! and long may that country be employed by God in sending forth His word, till it shall grow in every land!"—May their prayers be fully answered! For whatever political changes take place, and whatever civil advantages are thereby secured to any portion of mankind, there is no moral renovation, no spiritual emancipation, but that which is effected by the Bible.

Time would fail to tell the change the Bible has produced in the islands of the Southern Sea; the verdant landscape, once lovely in romantic wildness, often now appears a cultivated garden; the lowly leaf thatched hut is now a neat and cheerful cottage; and the wanton, roving, idle native, has become a decent, steady, and industrious member of society. Domestic happiness was unknown, and had not, in their language, a term by which it could be expressed; but it now pervades their families, and sheds around their social circles its unnumbered blessings. Their civil institutions, since the introduction of the Gospel, have undergone a change no less surprising. Their government was formerly a most cruel and despotic system, but is now both mild and equitable. A charter, or code of laws, has been adopted by mutual agreement between the chiefs and the people, by which the rights of person and property are inviolably secured; courts of justice are established; judges are appointed, to administer justice according to the laws; and the TRIAL BY JURY, with all its advantages, is now enjoyed by the natives of the South-Sea Islands.

These happy changes in their civil institutions have not been produced by the direct instructions of the Missionaries; for they have invariably avoided all interference with the civil and political usages of the countries in which they have labored, and have directed their attention to the moral improvement and religious instruction of the people. The alterations that have taken place in their political economy and their civil constitution, have been but the legitimate effects of the truths of the Bible on their minds; in which, through all the various relations they sustain in civil society, they are taught to "do unto others as they would that others should do unto them."

War, the delight of savages, has ceased: its ravages have been unknown since the principles of the Bible have prevailed among the people; and the delightful prediction of the Prophet, that men shall "beat their swords into plough-shares, and their spears into pruning-hooks," has been more than fulfilled; for they have not only converted their instruments of death into implements of agriculture, but have actually employed them in the service of the sanctuary. The last pulpit that I ascended in the Society Islands was at *Rurutu*, where the rails connected with the pulpit-stairs are formed of warriors' spears. Not less striking and satisfactory is the change in their moral character and religious feelings. Their cruel and absurd idolatry has been abolished. As a nation they profess Christianity; and many have realized all the divine comfort it is adapted to impart in the solemn hour of death.

These, my lord, are some of the effects of the Bible. In producing these delightful changes, no other means have been employed than the promulgation, in a most plain and familiar manner, of the great truths of Revelation. By these people the Bible is higly valued, and earnestly sought. At one time it was thought desirable to distribute Tracts: some were translated, and shown to the natives. They asked whether they were parts of the word of God, or merely the word of man. We told them that they were designed to illustrate or enforce parts of the Sacred Scriptures, though they were only the writings of men. Stop, then, said the natives, give us all the word of God first, and then the writings of men. There is nothing they so much desire as the parts of the Scriptures published in their language. They bring the produce of the soil to pay for them, as a small price, equal to the value of the paper, &c, is always required: and when a man wants a copy, who has not the means of paying, he will most cheerfully work for it. The Scriptures are their constant companions, when they voyage from one island to another, or travel to different parts of the same island; they are not much concerned, to carry their provisions, their changes of apparel, or articles of curiosity, but invariably carry their books; even when they leave their houses in the morning to work in the mountains, and expect to return in the evening, they frequently carry their books, that, during the hour of rest at mid day, they may read the Holy Scriptures. I do not think, in my various journeys among the islands, since the natives have possessed the Scriptures, I ever met a party travelling that had not their books with them, carefully wrapped in native cloth, or deposited in a little basket made on purpose to contain them. One stormy day, when the tempest howled, and the foaming surf rolled dreadfully on the shore, I saw a canoe in distress outside the harbour, about two miles from the beach. I directed some natives in the neighbourhood to take a large canoe, and go to their assistance. On reaching them, they found the canoe full of water, and the men in the sea, supporting themselves on their paddles, and swimming towards the shore. They took the natives on board their large canoe, and towed the small one to the beach. When they landed, I met them, and asked them if they had been in danger: they said, "Yes; they were afraid of the sharks, and fearful lest their canoe should sink." I asked them what they thought when the sea began to fill their canoe. They said, they thought of their books, and were only concerned to keep them dry; pointing at the same time to the canoe, where their Gospels, carefully wrapped in native cloth, were tied to the top of the mast, in order to secure them from the spray of the sea. Thus their books were preserved, while their apparel was completely spoiled by the salt-water. On another occasion, a native of Huahine lay down on his mat in the evening, and, by the light of a rustic lamp made of a cocoa-nut shell, read in one of his books till he fell asleep. The lamp burnt down, the house took fire, and, awakened by the flames, he sprang from his mat, and ran out of doors; in a moment he recollected that his book laid on the mat where he was sleeping; he rushed through the flames, and, though scorched in several parts of his body, retreated not till his books, which were copies of the Gospels, were secured. All his other property was consumed by the devouring element.

FROM DR. GRIFFIN'S PASTORAL SERMON.

"Dear Brethren, our office is no ordinary one. We are ambassadors from the King of kings, and Lord of lords, to a revolted world. Never had men committed to them an embassy of such deep and everlasting moment. No work ever undertaken by mortals was so important, so solemn, or connected with such amazing consequences. Among all the thousands to whom we preach, not one but will take an impression from us that will never wear out. The fate of millions through succeeding generations depends on our faithfulness. Heaven and hell will for ever ring with recited memorials of our ministry. And O, our own responsibility. There is for us no middle destiny.—Our stake is for a higher throne of glory or for a deeper hell. For to say nothing of the souls committed to our care, *our work* leads to the altar. Our home is by the side of the Shekinah. We have daily to go where Nadab and Abihu went, and to transact with him who darted his lightning upon them. It is a solemn thing to stand so near that Holy Lord God. Let us beware how by unhallowed fervors we bring false fire before the Lord. Let us not fail to devote to our work our best powers, our unceasing application, consecrated by unremitting prayer. Any thing rather than careless preparation for the pulpit, and a sleepy performance in it. Forget your father, forget your mother, but forget not this infinite work of God. Soon we shall appear with our respective charges before the judgment seat of Christ. What a scene will then open between a pastor and his flock; when all his official conduct toward them shall be scrutinized, and all their treatment of him and his gospel shall be laid open; when it shall appear that an omniscient eye followed him into his study every time he sat down to write a sermon, and traced every line upon his paper and every motion of his heart; and followed him into the pulpit, and watched every kindling desire, every drowsy feeling, every wandering thought, every reach after fame. Ah, my dear brethren, when you hear on the right hand the songs of bursting praise that you ever had existence,

and on the left behold a company of wretched spirits sending forth their loud lament that you had not warned them with a stronger voice, will you not regret that all your sermons were not more impassioned, and all your prayers more agonizing. But what is that I see? A horrid shape more deeply scarred with thunder than the rest, around which a thousand dreadful beings, with furious eyes and threatening gestures, are venting their raging curses! It is an unfaithful pastor, who went down to hell with most of his congregation; and those around him are the wretched beings whom he decoyed to death. My soul turns away and cries, Give me poverty, give me the curses of a wicked world, give me the martyr's stake; but, O my God, save me from unfaithfulness to thee and the souls of men."

GOOD EFFECT OF CREDULITY.

A TRUE STORY.

There lived some years ago, in the town of ———, in Connecticut, a man who was much addicted to the practice of converting his neighbor's property to his own use and benefit without if or and.—The clergyman of the town, suspecting him of making too free with his hay, had one night concealed himself in his barn with his dark lantern. The thief soon appeared, and tying up a large bundle, had just left the premises, when the Rev. owner, instead of bawling out, "you scoundrel you! what do you mean by stealing my hay?" disengaged the candle from the lantern, and dexterously applied it to the combustible load. The bundle was soon in a bright blaze, and the unlucky fellow suspecting that he was pursued by some person with a light laid his feet to the ground with uncommon agility. But it was in vain to escape the pursuing fire. The blaze increasing in brightness as he ran, seemed to his terrified imagination to come nearer, till venturing to look round to discover the extent of his danger, he perceived to his astonishment that the stolen hay was on fire. How it came so, puzzled him not a little. But, as conscious guilt assisted his natural credulity, he settled down upon the conclusion that fire was sent from heaven to admonish him of his transgression. Full of this alarming notion, he gave himself no rest until he had gone to the parson, and made confession of his crime; and related the supposed extraordinary and terrible warning from Heaven. The Rev. gentleman humored his credulity, under the idea that it might reform his life. He was not mistaken; for the blazing hay had made so deep an impression on the poor fellow's mind, that from thenceforth he forsook his evil courses, became a valuable member of society, and was united to the flock of the judicious clergyman, who had assisted so materially in his reformation. He finally died an honest man, in the firm belief of the interposition of Providence in setting fire to the stolen hay. The parson kept the secret till the poor man was laid in the dust, but then even the clerical tongue could no longer resist the desire of communicating so curious an incident.—*Berkshire American.*

THE CHRISTIAN'S CHOICE OF SOCIETY.

Not only the openly profane, the swearer, the drunkard, and the enemies of godliness, will prove hurtful companions to us, though these indeed are to be chiefly avoided: but too frequent society with persons merely civil and moral, whose conversation is empty and unedifying, may much divert our thoughts from heaven. Our backwardness is such that we need the most constant and powerful helps. A stone or a clod is as fit to rise and fly in the air, as our hearts are, naturally, to move towards heaven. You need not hinder the rocks from flying up to the sky; it is sufficient that you do not help them. And surely if our spirits have not great assistance, they may easily be kept from soaring upwards, though they should never meet with the least impediment. Think of this in the choice of your company. You, *young men*, who are most liable to this temptation, think seriously of what I say.

Baxter.

THE CAUSE OF SUFFERING.

"Here, then, you see the true cause of all the sufferings of mankind, and of your own individually. IT IS SIN. Let then the association of sin as the cause, and misery as the consequence, be so clear, and so habitual in your mind that whenever you witness or suffer the chastisements of God, sin may present itself as that which deserves this suffering. Deal honestly and faithfully with yourself. Lose not yourself in the crowd, by simply admitting that you belong to a sinful race; and are thus liable to your part of the sufferings which that race deserves. Content not yourself with viewing sin in the aggregate, a part of which belongs to you. This will never produce that impression, with which you ought to receive afflictions. Men of wealth are not willing, in this manner, to dispose of their property; to throw it into a common stock, from which they will receive but an equal share with others, or only so much as their real wants may demand. Here they contend for individual right. With the same care ought you to keep the account of your own sins. Others may be more or less guilty than yourself. You may witness and lament their sins; but you ought to *feel and confess your own*. Then will you be deeply convinced, that you deserve all the sufferings with which God is pleased to visit you.

MISERIES OF WEALTH.

Suggested by reading Hazlitt's Miseries of Poverty.

It is to have a subscription-paper handed you every hour in the day, and be called a niggard, if you refuse your name. It is to eat turkey and drink wine at a dearer rate than your neighbors. It is to have every college, infirmary, and asylum, make a run upon the bank of your benevolence, and then wonder at the smallness of the dividend. It is to have sectarians contend for the keeping of your conscience, and lawyers struggle for the keeping of your purse. It is to be remembered from Seguin to Talbot Island, whenever a dinner, or a loan, is wanted. It is to be taxed for more than you are worth, and never to be believed when you say so. It is to have Addition of dollars, Subtraction of comforts, and Multiplication of anxieties, end in Division among spendthrift heirs. It is to have the interest of every one about you exceed their principle. It is to make up to the merchant all the profits he loses by knavery, or frugality. It is never to be allowed to be upon easy terms, even with a coat, or a shoe. It is to be married for your money, or have a wife always casting up the sum total of the dollars she brought. It is to have your son's steps surrounded by man traps,' and your daughter made a target for the speculator and selfish to aim at. It is to measure friendship by the length of your purse, to buy flattery, and sell happiness. It is to have debtors smile upon you, and knaves shake you by the hand. It is to have a dyspeptic wife, and pale children. It is to have sons go to college to buy themes of wiser heads, and daughter's brains turned by the flattery of fools. It is to be invited to drink poor wine, that you may give better in return. It is to have your lady's peace disturbed by a higher feather, or a brighter diamond. It is to buy green peas at nine shillings, and relish them not, because your neighbour gives two dollars. It is to have relations wish you a short life, and a long will. It is to have your widow mourn bitterly,—provided her fortune depends on perpetual widowhood. It is to have more temptations in this world than other men: and lastly, to find the entrance to a better, more difficult than to the rest of mankind.

CENT SOCIETIES.

From the National Philanthropist.

"About the commencement of the present century, a respectable gentleman of this city,* having several friends to dine with him, the conversation at table turned upon the subject alluded to above, viz. the spread of the gospel. After dinner, wine was served. A venerable minister present remarked—"If every person, who has the ability, would retrench a glass of wine a week, and contribute a cent per week for the spread of the gospel, what a vast sum might thus be raised!" The host moved back his glass, and placed a cent upon the table. His amiable companion, with a heart overflowing with love to her Redeemer and her fellow sinners, kept her eye upon the cent, and on rising, pleasantly took possession of it. She laid it aside—made proposals to the ladies of her acquaintance to engage the contribution suggested.—An individual of another denomination, shortly after, followed her example; and from thence have proceeded all the "cent societies" in the United States: by which means, tens of thousands of dollars have been collected and devoted to this noble object." *Boston.*

FEMALE TEMPER.

It is particularly necessary for girls to acquire command of temper; because much of the effect of their powers of reasoning and of their wit, when they grow up, depend upon the gentleness and good humour with which they conduct themselves. A woman who should attempt to thunder with her tongue would not find her eloquence increase her domestic happiness. We do not wish that women should implicitly yield their judgments to their fathers, or husbands; but let them support the cause of reason with all the graces of female gentleness.

A man in a furious passion, is terrible to his enemies; but a woman in a passion is disgusting to her friends; she loses all the respect due to her sex; and she has not masculine strength and courage to enforce any other kind of respect. These circumstances should be considered by those who advise that no difference should be made in the education of the two sexes.

The happiness and influence of women, both as wives and mothers, and indeed in every relation, so much depends on their temper, that it ought to be most carefully cultivated. We should not suffer girls to imagine that they can balance ill humour by some good quality or accomplishment; because, in fact, there are none which can supply the want of temper in the female sex.

THE WESTERN
Luminary.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY:
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CENTRE COLLEGE.

We are authorized to state that the Rev. Dr. EZRA FISK, President elect of Centre College, at Danville, has written to the board of directors, informing them that he expects to leave New-York on his way to Kentucky early in May.

NOTICE.

Subscribers to the *Western Luminary* in the southern part of Kentucky, are informed, that Mr. *Abm. T. Skillman* expects to visit that section of the state early in the month of May; and he will endeavor to collect the accounts due for this paper. We hope all who are in arrears will be prepared to make payment to him.

Dunning is to us a very unpleasant business; but we find that unless we receive a more substantial patronage than an increase of *names* to our subscription list, we will not be able to continue the publication of our paper. Hitherto we have been encouraged to perseverance in our labours by a gradual increase of subscribers; but receiving so little of that *real support*, which only can secure the permanent establishment of our press, we must confess we begin to feel somewhat discouraged. Our receipts for subscriptions, for a considerable time past have not been sufficient to pay our paper maker's bill, which is at the rate $700 specie per annum. Were all our subscribers to make punctual payments, we should barely have sufficient to meet our printing-office expenses, and a comfortable support for our family: How then shall we be enabled to get along, when a very large portion of them give us no other support than their *names*? A word to the wise is sufficient.

Distant subscribers will please to send their subscriptions by mail, if they have no other mode of paying us. Five dollars will be received in full payment for two years, and we will guarantee its safe arrival, if sent by mail. We hope those who have not yet paid for the 1st and 2nd years will speedily remit to us the amount due.

In cases where U. States notes cannot be procured, notes of other specie paying banks will be received at par. Kentucky Commonwealth notes will be received at the rate of seventy-five cents per dollar.

REV. DAVID RICE.

Extract of a letter from one of his daughters, (Mrs Akin.) to the Editor of the Western Luminary.

Greensburgh, Ky. ——

Dear Sir,

Having in my possession a number of my father's letters and other original papers, I sometimes turn to them in order to take a view of, and the more sensibly to realize the tender regard which he had for his family, his brethren in the Ministry, and for the Church. I have this evening opened one which which he wrote to my Mother while on a tour through some of the Northern states, in order to solicit donations for the benefit of Transylvania University; and on his arrival at the place where she was braught up, being the former residence of the Rev. Mr. Blair. My Father and Mother corresponded under the fictitious names of Alexis and Chalia.

"Sept. 10, 1795.

"My Dear Chalia,

"After dark last evening, I arrived at the old mansion in New-London derry. This morning I have spent in sitting, and walking, and looking, and thinking. Except the old mansion, a few old trees, &c. nothing my eyes ever saw before presents itself to my view. I now can mourn without the habit of mourning: had I the poet's imagination and power of description, I should pour forth the feelings of my heart in mournful moving strains. I take a solitary walk where once I walked with my dear Chalia by my side, exulting in the rich possession. The old aspens are all dead: a few sprouts only remain, ill-shaped and ill-thriven. Sad emblem of the ravages of time on human nature; and of the present race of Christians. Our parents, like these trees, are mouldering in dust. We too are ripening for the grave, and shall quickly follow. Dreadful, pleasing thought! Our friends have retired to the grave—they are gone to Jesus—they rest from sorrow, and from sin. We shall soon leave our tender connexions: may we not also hope to be with Jesus, and rest with him from labour, from sorrow, and from sin. I have just returned from a walk through the chesnut grove, where once I retired for meditation and prayer. Alas, how seldom have I prayed in earnest and in faith! It was once a refreshing shade, a pleasing mixture of darkness and of light, fitted to silence the passions, and dispose the mind to devout meditations. It now presents to my imagination the gloomy, dismal shades of death, and the grave; the present mansion of our best friends, and our speedy home. I now sit in your father's study, (converted into one room with your maiden chamber.) What a change! *He* is not here; but one as far inferior as our times are inferior to his. My Father, my Father, the chariots of Israel and the horsemen thereof! I walk solitary through your Mother's parlour. She is no more! I look, but I see her not! I listen, but I hear her not! Her sprightly conversation, her useful moral hints, her pious observations, are no more! Our sweet sisters are not here to dispel the gloom, and cheer the passing hours. The clock strikes twelve. It is past noon with us. The evening shades begin to cover us. Let the sun, the glorious Son of righteousness arise, and shine into our hearts: then welcome death and all its terrors. I sat down on the ancient couch, to try if ease, if comfort was there: but no Chalia by my side—I sat, and cast my eyes a round: but not an object reflected a single ray of joy to my mind. I now turn my eyes and view the bridal chamber.——In a moment my soul mounts on the wings of imagination—in a moment it flies 800 miles, over vallies, rivers, hills and mountains; embraces my dear Chalia and our sweet children, with the sweetest kisses, and with the tears of love and joy. But why should I indulge these softening strains! What are these things, these tender ties, these short separations, to candidates for eternity, to embryo angels! O that we and ours may set our hearts, our most ardent, our purest affections, on things above, on things immortal as our own existence; and not on the transitory enjoyment of this earth, or any thing below the skies.

When I hear of and see the state of religion in these atlantic states: how many of the Ministers, (for I mean not a general reflection,) have lost the spirit of their office, and professors the spirit of Christianity! I cannot forbear saying, "How is the gold become dim—how is the fine gold changed." I once pitied Kentucky, viewing them in a comparative light, pitied them that wo their Ministers had not those abilities, that education, those talents for usefulness, which other parts of our church enjoy. But now I see reason to extend my compassion; and take in with Kentucky many other places; and plead with God that he would send forth labourers into various parts of the vineyard, such as he has anointed to preach the Gospel. The Spirit of this world has to a remarkable degree, possessed the hearts of Ministers and people. Is the church numerous, wealthy, and genteel; the building spacious and elegant? That is a fine flourishing Church, and religion here is on a respectable footing. Dangerous mistake! Only the stately steppings of the Lord Jesus can grace his temple, and make it truly respectable. A cabin is a better church, an old log a better pulpit, with Christ present, than the most spacious and elegant building, while he is absent; while the life and spirit of christian worship is no more.

ALEXIS.

AMERICAN EDUCATION SOCIETY.—We learn from the Christian Mirror, that *nine scholarships*, $1000 each, have been given in Maine, for the support of young men under the patronage of the American Education Society: making, with those previously given in different parts of New-England, nearly or quite 60. *N. Y. Obs.*

REVIVALS.

FRANKFORT, KY.

For some time past, there has been an excitement on the subject of religion, in Frankfort, Ky. A considerable number, we are informed, have been added to the Baptist Church in that place; and on last Sabbath, fifteen were added to the Presbyterian Church.

BALTIMORE, MD.

By a letter received in this city, we learn that in two of the Presbyterian congregations of Baltimore, there is at present an unusual seriousness; and that in one of them, within a week or ten days ending the 18th March, as many as fifteen individuals gave evidence of a saving change.—*N. Y. Obs.*

AUGUSTA, GEO.

A letter from Augusta Ga., dated Feb. 26th, states, that the aspect of Zion is more bright and cheering in that place than it has ever been.—Seventeen have been added from the world to the Presbyterian Church since December, and the solemnity is still increasing in the congregation.—It is also observed that in the Methodist and Baptists churches there is a very considerable religious excitement.—*Charleston Observer.*

Extract of a letter from a gentleman in Milledgeville, Ga. to the Editor of the Charleston Observer, dated Feb. 27, 1827.

"The interests of religion, I hope, are advancing in this place, I sometimes think, and indeed am persuaded, that I see new instances of the convincing influence of the Holy Spirit upon the heart. Our Sabbath School languished during the past year. It is now revived, and under the superintending care of the Holy Spirit will be a mighty engine in putting down vice and promoting the cause of Christ.—The Ministers of the different denominations, who are resident in, or who visit this place, are engaged heart and hand in the mighty exertions now making for the extension of the Redeemer's Kingdom, and for the entireness of its influence over the human heart."

TENNESSEE.

From letters which were lately received, it appears that the ministrations of the Rev. William Jenkins, a member of the Evangelical Lutheran Synod of North Carolina, have of late been particularly blessed. This young divine, zealous in the cause of Christ, commenced his labours (agreeably to the direction of the Synod.) in West Tennessee. Nothing material occurred, to encourage him, until some months since, when the power of the word, was experienced by several, who had long sat in darkness, and were perfectly unconcerned as regards spiritual things. This was the commencement of the important operations, which the Spirit is now carrying on through the preached Gospel, in a part of Tennessee, where our people have long been without a pastor. Upon every occasion more or less are convicted, and call upon the

zealous Ambassador of Christ. Oh! pray for us! Oh! what shall we do to saved! Among these seriously impressed (and according to the last accounts, there were more than one hundred) there are some far advanced in age, as well as a considerable number, who are in the prime of life.—

Lutheran Intel.

WILMINGTON, DEL.

We have had the pleasure of perusing a letter, from the Pastor of the 2nd Presbyterian church at Wilmington, to his friend in this city, dated March 12th giving a brief history of the prominent circumstances and incidents of the revival among the people of his charge; from which we make the following extracts.

"There is little in the state of the congregation that would strike a stranger as at all uncommon, unless he should tarry several days, and ascertain the pulse of individual feeling.—Our assemblies are, indeed, larger than usual, and more solemn, but no violence, or even liveliness of feeling is, in general, discoverable in the auditors. The first thing that would strike a stranger would be the number of those who, after the benediction and dismissal, resume their seats. On some occasions not five persons have left the house, and generally more than half remain to listen to further exhortations. After half an hour or three fourths of an hour, we dismiss them again, but find a great number still tarry for personal conversation. Under this part of the exercises, there is occasionally a burst of feeling, especially at the breaking up and departure from the sanctuary. Of animal feeling, however, there is next to none; disorder and confusion are unknown.

"About the middle of January, some few of our members became so distressingly anxious that they could not eat, sleep, or be at rest, till an anxious meeting should be called.—The Pastor, full of unbelief, and backward to use any special means, refused, or delayed; till their importunity becoming *irresistible* he at length half consented, and called a conference of *anxious* Christians, and *serious* non professors. To his surprise, there were a number of inquirers present, and the ensuing week there appeared many more. Still he was backward about talking to them, and the first evening actually went away without a word of individual conversation! These things he now states with humiliation and shame!

"About the first of February, two of the brethren from Princeton, at his request, came to spend a few days with us. They immediately commenced a course of family visitation, and of *close pungent personal conversation*, which was almost immediately, and visibly blessed. At the first anxious meeting about twenty-seven appeared; at the next, about seventy; and the number of inquirers has since increased to upwards of one hundred; of whom about fifty already hope in the Lord.

"Several professors have entirely renounced their former hope, and say that they never experienced a change of heart before. In fact, the work has been, in some respects, more striking among professors, than in others."

Philadelphian.

WASHINGTON CITY.

We have several times intimated that the prospects of a revival of religion in this city are unusually encouraging: Christians have been praying with an increased fervency and with an untiring perseverance, which promised good results, at least upon their own hearts, if not upon the hearts of the ungodly. And heaven has been pleased to answer their petitions. *A good work has begun.* It is most general and powerful in the Second Baptist Church, under the pastoral charge of the Rev. Mr. Neal; but is not wholly confined to that section of the City. Several in different directions have gained hope that their sins are pardoned, and others are anxiously inquiring for the mercy of God. Meetings are full and solemn—backsliders confess their sins—and the impenitent are awakened.

The good work, accompanied by circumstances of touching interest, has also commenced in the Columbian College. How mysterious are the ways of God, and the thunder of his power who can understand!

We forbear, for the present, to give particulars, further than to state the fact, that *nine* have been baptized into the Second Baptist Church, and that *seven* more will be baptized tomorrow at ten o'clock. Let all who have "power with God," pray for the continuance and increase of this gracious work.—*Col. Star.*

BERKSHIRE COUNTY, MASS.

A letter which has been received in New-York from Stockbridge, Mass. dated March 6, 1827, says, "showers of mercy are descending here and all around us. In Lee it is said there are 150 converts. In Lenox the work is greater than at any former period. In Richmond it continues with power. Great Barrington, Canaan, Lebanon, and other towns in the vicinity, partake of the rich blessing.—I have just returned from the Monthly Concert of Prayer, where many hundreds were present, and deeply solemn. As we came out, it was mentioned rather privately, that the young people were now to have their meeting. I stopped with them, and witnessed a most joyful sight. They were in rows, singing "loving-kindness, O how sweet!" Then all fell upon their knees, and remained until five appropriate and fervent prayers were offered by the young men." The state of society in Lee in a religious point of view, is very remarkable. Antecedent to the present revival, the number of church-members was nearly 300. If to those be added 150, supposed to have found the Saviour within the past few weeks, it will make a total of 450 who give evidence of piety, in a population, according to the last census, of 1,384. It is generally estimated that one-half of a given population is under the age of 10 years.

Baptist Churches in Nova-Scotia and New-Brunswick.—Rev. Isaac Merriam, in a letter to Rev. Mr. Sharp, dated at Eastport, Nov. 29, mentions his recent visit to these churches.—Nova-Scotia Association has 24 churches, 13 ordained ministers two licentiates, and 1616 members. 125 were baptized last year. New-Brunswick Association has 25 churches, 12 ordained ministers, one licentiate, and 1237 members, 145 were baptized last year. Revivals and interesting openings to do good, invite the labors of gospel ministers. The scarcity of these may be judged of from the fact, that to hear the gospel, six sisters, and some of their husbands, walked 30 miles to attend a general meeting. Mr. Merriam had a pleasing interview with them.

In the church at Lubec, Maine, more than 40 have joined them. Nov. 16, Mr. Merriam baptized eight, all heads of families. At this baptizing, one person was deeply impressed, who is since believed to have received the Lord Jesus. The church at Lubec has no minister, but they are earnest in supplication for the blessing.

Christian Watchman.

From the Connecticut Observer.

ROMAN CATHOLICS IN CANADA.

Being recently in one of the principle cities in Lower Canada, I was led by curiosity to attend a religious exercise of the Catholics, held in the chapel of one of the Nunneries. As I came to the door my attention was arrested by a "charity box," hung up without near the entrance, bearing this inscription: "*alms deliver from all sin, and all death!*" It was placed there, I suppose, to receive the contributions of those who occasionally resorted thither to pay their devotions, or for other purposes. Whether what was received went for the benefit of the Nunnery, or how it was appropriated, I know not; but I could not but exclaim, deluded people! Know ye not what the scripture saith that "*the blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin!*" But alas! many of them have never read—many *cannot* read—and others have never seen or heard of the sacred volume! What a delusion this, to imagine that silver or gold can wash away the moral pollution of the soul! And with what surprise does such language as the above strike one who has always been accustomed to read in his Bible, that the blood of the Son of God poured out on Calvary, alone hath power to take from the heart the deep stains of sin, and save from eternal death

N. H. Feb. 1827. B.

The Fast Day in Maine, appointed by the new Governor, Enoch Lincoln, is to be on the 5th of April.—His Proclamation is short. The following lacomic sentences make about half of it.—*Christian Watchman.*

"I recommend to each citizen to observe the day as a Christian;—if he be under the influence of any vice, to banish it;—if in error, to correct it;—if under obligations to others, honestly to discharge them;—if suffering injuries, to forgive them;—if aware of animosities, to extinguish them;—and if able to do any benevolent act to any being, created by the Almighty Power to which he owes his existence and his faculties, to do it."

Sloth of Nominal Christians.—Heathens, Jews and Mahometans astonish us with their patience and perseverance, while the sloth and indifference of Christians most miserably undervalue their profession in the judgment of unbelievers. How common is it for them to think it unnecessary to seek the means of life and immortality by attending the public worship of God, if the most trifling worldly business can be pleaded against it, or if the weather is but indifferent, or the church at some distance! while the Turk will undertake a journey of more than 2000 miles, over burning sands and uninhabitable deserts, to visit the decayed remains of a false prophet.

W. Jones' Works.

GREECE.

The news from Greece is very encouraging. The Turks have been beaten at Aracova and Athens. Gen. Fabvier is in the Citadel of the latter place, and Karaiskaki is approaching Missolonghi. Letters from Zante of Jan. 1st, state that Admiral Miaulis, (in the new Frigate,) had taken two Turkish corvettes and three brigs, and dispersed the rest of the enemy's fleet near Zea. Letters to the 9th state that Ibrahim was attacked in his entrenchments between Modon and Navarino, by Colocotroni, Nikitas, Botzaris & Geneus, with 3000 Greeks, & lost 1500 killed, many wounded and prisoners, 14 pair of colors 8 cannon and 300 horses. [We hope this intelligence may be substantially true, though it is probably exaggerated.]

N. Y. Obs.

GREEK CAUSE IN THE UNITED STATES.—The ship Chancellor, Captain Baker, sailed from this port on Saturday last, for Napoli di Romania, with a cargo of provisions, &c. for the Greeks. The value of the cargo is said to be 18,000 dolls. Mr. Miller, of Vermont, at the request of the Committee, has gone to superintend its distribution. Another vessel, for the same destination, and with the like object, is to be despatched shortly. The Greek fund at Philadelphia stands at over 15,000 dolls.; in Boston, between 4,000 and 5,000. *N. Y. Obs.*

THE MORGAN CASE.

Several letters from the neighborhood of Fort Niagara, contradict the reports recently circulated from that quarter, that certain facts and transactions had come to light there, strengthening suspicions that Morgan had been murdered.—Nothing satisfactory has yet appeared how the man was disposed of, after being taken from Batavia. One report is, that he was on board the Lady of the Lake, which vessel was lost in a storm on Lake Ontario late in the Autumn. *Treat. Fed.*

NASHVILLE, March 27.

A fatal duel took place on the morning of Friday last, between Calvin M. Smith, and R. H. Frank Esqrs. both of Columbia in this State. The difference it is reported, arose out of a trial in the county court of Maury, where both practised as lawyers. They met on Friday in the State of Kentucky—on the first fire Mr. Frank received his adversary's ball through the body, and expired on the spot.—*Republican.*

DIED,

At the house of Mr. James W. Henderson, in Fayette County, on Monday morning last, Mr. ROBERT H. BRECKENRIDGE son of James Breckenridge of Virginia.

From the Missionary Herald.

LETTER FROM MR. KING.

A letter, written from Nismes, (south of France,) and dated the 10th of November last, describes some of the more important occurrences, from the time of his arrival at Mahon, in Minorca, up to the writing of the letter. We make a number of extracts, having regard to chronological order.

At Mahon.

When at Mahon, I received a challenge to hold a dispute with two priests, one a doctor of theology. I accepted the challenge, and taking in my hand "the Sword of the Spirit," which is the Word of God, I went to meet them in a place appointed by themselves—a garden in the Lazaretto. It was when I was in quarantine. Previous to my going, the Intendant of the Lazaretto, came to me, and advised me not to go alone. I told him I had nothing to fear. On entering the garden, I found three priests, with a few other persons, and, soon after we commenced our dispute, two naval officers of the American squadron came to hear us.

The Romish doctor at first addressed me in Latin, demanding "to what sect I belonged!" I replied, that I called no man father upon the earth; that I believed in Jesus Christ, and took the sacred Scriptures for my guide. This led to the inquiry, "what is the standard of interpretation!" and "who shall decide in case of doubt!" and then, "what and where is the church of Christ!" and finally we came upon "*tu es Petrus*," [thou art Peter;] and I endeavored to show them, that Peter and the Pope were very different sort of men, as to their mode of governing in the church, and in many other things.

After conversing for about three quarters of an hour, they proposed, that we should finish our dispute for the present, and said, that having heard I was a very amiable man, they had come to pay their respects to me, and to invite me to their convent, to eat with them, to shew me their library, &c. and added, that after the squadron was gone, we would have another dispute. I, on my part, thanked them for their politeness, but did not so well like the proposition of deferring the dispute till the squadron was gone.—Besides, what could they know of my amiableness, in case I had possessed any! I said, this may be a kind of *Joabic* salutation, as a preparation to smite me under the fifth rib.

After getting permission, I went on shore, and took my trunk with me; but at the custom house, I was told, that I must leave my trunk to be examined through the day, and if any books were found, which contained any thing against the government, or against the religion, (Roman Catholic,) they must be burnt.

It so happened, that I had some against their religion. I had one, in particular, which was the *Bible*, and in different languages. I also had some Tracts, printed at Malta, called, "Novita del Papismo." [Novelty of the Papacy,] and the "Storia di Andrew Dunn," [Story of Andrew Dunn.] So I concluded it was not best to have my books so rigidly examined, and immediately sent my trunk on board an American ship bound for Barcelona.

Two days after, I applied to the police, to endorse my passport for Barcelona, but was refused. The reason assigned was, that my passport had not been endorsed by the Spanish consul at Smyrna. The officers of the police also told me, that I had done wrong in coming on shore at Mahon, and that in a similar case they had put Frenchmen in prison.

I immediately took a boat, and went to the North-Carolina, to obtain the assistance of Com. Rodgers. The commodore, to whom I wish to express publicly my very grateful acknowledgements, took a lively interest in my case, and through his influence, a new passport was procured for me the next day, endorsed by the Spanish police, to go to Barcelona.

The day after I got my passport, a curious circumstance came to my knowledge, which I thought might possibly serve to explain some of those things which happened to me at Mahon. On entering the house where I lodged, I bade the woman good morning, and she returned my salutation, calling me by name. A Spaniard was present, who, after I went out, said, "Who is that Monsier King? I recollect his name. I think I have seen him at Constantinople, with two others. In the time of the war, [i. e. in the time of the Constitutionalists,] I took a vessel, and among other papers, I found a long letter of several sheets, written by a Monsier King to a society at Paris. I will go home and find it, and send it to him, to see whether he recognises the hand writing." On my return to my lodgings, the woman of the house questioned me, to know whether I had been at Constantinople, and whether I had correspondence with any one at Paris. My curiosity being excited by those questions, I asked why; and she then related what the Spaniard had said.

The next day he called, and put some questions to me about my travels, and said; that he had a letter of the description above mentioned, but that he had lent it to a woman to read. I did not tell him that it was, or was not, mine, but bid him good morning, and left him to form his own opinion.

About this time, the priests sent me another invitation to hold dispute with them at the convent But as I was on the point of leaving for Barcelona, and had met with some difficulty with regard to my books and my passport; and as by accepting their invitation, new obstacles might be thrown in my way; I thought best not to go near them.

In Spain.

The next day, I sailed for Barcelona in the ship Thalia, Capt Butler, for whose politeness and kindness to me on the voyage, and while at Barcelona, I feel much indebted. For my passage, he refused to receive any remuneration. At Barcelona, he introduced me to several of the officers of the French Garrison with whom he was acquainted who were particularly polite to me, and who, in case of any difficulty, would have been able to render me essential service.

After spending eight or ten days in that place, I took my seat in the Diligence for France, in company with two French officers, who were recommended to me by two of the Sub-Intendants of the Garrison. On the way, one of them, who was himself a Roman Catholic from Corsica, asked me, "Why it happened, that where people had the most of the Roman Catholic religion, they were the most wicked?"

In Spain, efforts are making to re-establish the Inquisition. About six weeks before my arrival, a Jew was put to death as a heretic.

Assassinations in that country, you know, are frequent. I was assured by officers of high rank at Barcelona, that in the province of Catalonia alone, which is considered one of the best provinces in Spain, there had been, within three years past, more than fifteen hundred assassinations, of which the law took no notice. About 8 days before my arrival at Barcelona, the Superior of a convent was assassinated in his chamber, at 11 o'clock in the morning. A cry was set up after the murderer, but nobody knew where he was to be found. An officer of rank in the Spanish service, himself a Roman Catholic, assured me, that three leagues from Barcelona, if a priest were to set up the cry, "There goes a Protestant," the latter would be almost sure to be assassinated In Spain, one sees the Roman Catholic religion in all its purity and grandeur.

On Thursday, October 5th, I left that country without a single regret.

Return to France

When, from the heights of the Pyrennees, I first caught once more a view of the cultivated plains of France, my joy was great. Welcome thrice welcome, ye sweet vineyards, and smiling green fields. Four years have rolled away, since I bade you farewell.—Thanks to the Great Author of good, who has preserved me in the midst of the burning desert, and from the scorching rays of the sun in a sickly clime. Thanks to Him, who has preserved my sight, and permitted me once more to behold thee. With all thy gaiety and infidelity, thou art more lovely than the land of the Moslem; far happier than the dark, veangeful pagan-christian country, from which the snow clad mountains separate thee. My feet are glad to enter thy borders, and with heart-felt joy I greet thee.

At Perpignan, I remained one day, being quite unwell from a cold, which I took at Barcelona

From Perpignan, I went to Montpelier, where I remained three or four days, with the Rev. Mr. Lissignol, and then came to Nismes.

Spirit of Missions in the South of France.

At Nismes, I received a pressing invitation from a Mr. Beaux, a very respectable Protestant, to take lodgings at his house during the winter. He and his family seem to take an interest in doing every thing in their power, to render my situation happy. I have also received much kindness from a family named Devilles-Amalry, and from the Rev. pastors, Gardes and Tachard.

The missionary Society here, on my arrival, voted to give me three hundred francs, [about 56 dollars] to assist in defraying my expenses, while here; and a Physician, who had read my journal published at Paris, on meeting with me here, made me a present of one hundred francs. I have also received an invitation from the Rev. Mr. Lissignol, to spend the winter with him at his house

At the Monthly Concert of Prayer, in the present month [November,] I was invited, by the Committee of the Missionary Society, to address the people, which I did from the pulpit. I spoke for about forty minutes. The congregation was large and exceedingly solemn. Every eye was fixed upon me, and every ear listened with intense interest.

As soon as the service was finished at Nismes, I was obliged to go to Milhan, a village about three miles distant, to address a large congregation, which I found had been waiting for me in the church for more than an hour—I say I was *obliged* to go, for two clergymen came to me at Nismes, and said, that they had come, with about twenty other persons, expressly to take me with them to Milhan, and that I must absolutely go with them. I went, though *I* had been so unwell with a cold, that I had not been out of the house for nearly three days previous. Thanks to the Great Preserver of my life, that I found myself the next day, better than I have been for nearly a month past, and my health has been improving ever since.

I am invited to attend next week, a meeting of the Pastors in this vicinity. There will be eighteen or twenty present, and I think it important to see them.

Week before last, I went to Marseilles, where I had the pleasure of seeing Mr. Le Counte Ver Huell, Peer of France, and President of the Evangelical Missionary Society at Paris. He received me with all the cordiality of a brother, and just before I left Marseilles, sent me one hundred francs, to defray, as he said, the expense of my journey thither from this place. He wishes me to go to Paris as soon as my health will admit, and to lodge in the Mission house established there, that I may be with the *Eleves*, who are to be employed as missionaries. I have also just received a letter from the Baron de Stael, welcoming me to France; and another from Professor Kieffer, inviting me to the Mission house.

France is in a very interesting state, and I am persuaded it is my duty to remain here a few months. Besides, I dare not go in the winter season, to a cold climate, after having so long endured the heat of an Asiatic sun.

Many villages about Lyons, are turning Protestant. In one of them, a young man lately mounted a stone pillar in the street, and, after reading in the Scriptures to a multitude assembled around him, publicly renounced his belief in the Roman Catholic religion. One of the pastors has been insulted in the church, and the church has been closed. Thus things go on.—The Jesuits are trying to re-establish themselves, and the Roman Catholic missionaries go on with their pious work of erecting crosses.

MISSIONARY RETROSPECT.

The Rev. Mr. King, on his departure from Syria, thus concludes his journal:

"It is now three years, within three days, since I set out on this mission. They have passed away like a dream of the night. Whether any good has been accomplished, through my feeble instrumentality, the last great day will disclose. The account is sealed up in the books of heaven, and when they shall be opened, I feel that I must surely confess, that I have been but a very unprofitable servant My joy is that I have been permitted, in some degree, to aid, in a divine and glorious work, men, whom I consider as far more worthy than myself, to proclaim the unsearchable riches of Christ.—The mission, I doubt not, will prosper, though it be in the land where the crescent and the red banner wave, and where ignorance and superstition and vice have combined to make a mighty stand.

The passing traveller may ask, what have you done! what can you do! and we will only say, The Lord is great in Zion, high above all the people, mighty in battle, and through faith in his name, kingdoms may be subdued, lions' mouths stopped, the violence of fire quenched, weakness made strong, and the armies of the aliens put to flight.

The true missionary acts from a higher policy, than that which sways the kingdoms of this world. He reckons not the victories he is to win, by the numbers he can bring into the field, or from the single strength of his own right hand. With meekness he looks up towards heaven, and hears the consoling promise, "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." With the eye of faith, he sees round about him, as about the prophet of old, multitudes of horses and chariots of fire, and he fears not the host of the Syrian king The host of Amalek may press sore upon him, but he holds the "rod of God" in his hands, and is sure that Israel will prevail. He looks continually to him, who was clothed with a vesture dipped in blood, and whose name is called the Word of God. He sees upon his vesture, and upon his thigh, a name written, "King of kings, and Lord of lords," before whom the beast and the false prophet must inevitably fall. The true missionary walks by faith, and not by sight. He endures as seeing him who is invisible, who is the high, the living, the mighty, before whom, the kings, princes and potentates of the earth, and all the nations, are nothing, and less than nothing, and vanity. Let no missionaries, or missionary societies, be discouraged because they see no present fruit of their labours. Seed time and harvest seldom meet together. They shall reap in due time, if they faint not."

PROVIDENCE OF GOD.

A Hebrew Tale.

"Compelled by violent persecution to quit his native land, Rabbi Akiba wandered over barren wastes and dreary deserts. His whole equipage consisted of a lamp, which he used to light at night, in order to study the law; a cock, which served him instead of a watch, to announce to him the rising dawn; and an ass, on which he rode.

"The sun was gradually sinking beneath the horizon, night was fast approaching, and the poor wanderer knew not where to rest his weary limbs. Fatigued and almost exhausted, he came at last near a village.—He was glad to find it inhabited, thinking, where human beings dwelt, there dwelt also humanity and compassion; but he was mistaken. He asked for a night's lodging; it was refused. Not one of the inhospitable inhabitants would accommodate him. He was therefore obliged to seek shelter in a neighboring wood. 'It is hard (said he) not to find a hospitable roof to protect me against the inclemency of the weather; *but God is just, and whatever he does is for the best.*' He seated himself beneath a tree, lighted his lamp, and began to read the *Law.*—He had scarcely read a chapter, when a violent storm extinguished the light. 'What!' exclaimed he, 'must I not be permitted even to pursue my favorite study? *But God is just, and whatever he does is for the best.*'

"He stretched himself on the bare earth, willing, if possible, to have a few hours sleep. He had scarcely closed his eyes, when a fierce wolf came and killed the cock—'What new misfortune is this!' ejaculated the astonished Akiba—'My vigilent companion is gone! Who, then, will henceforth awaken me to the study of the law? But God is just; *he knows best what is good for us poor mortals.*'—Scarcely had he finished the sentence, when a terrible lion came and devoured the ass.—'What is to be done now?' exclaimed the lonely wanderer, 'My lamp and my cock are gone; my poor ass, too, is gone—all is gone! But *praised be the Lord, whatever he does is for the best.*' He passed a sleepless night, and early in the morning went to the village, to see whether he could procure a horse, or any beast of burden, to enable him to pursue his journey But what was his surprise, not to find a single individual alive!

"It appears that a band of robbers had entered the village during the night, killed its inhabitants, and plundered their houses. As soon as Akiba had sufficiently recovered from the amazement into which this wonderful occurrence had thrown him, he lifted up his voice and exclaimed, 'Thou Great God, the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, now I know by experience, that poor mortal men are short sighted and blind, often considering as evils, what is intended for their preservation! But thou alone art just, and kind and merciful! Had not the hard hearted people driven me by their inhospitality from the village, I should assuredly have shared their fate. Had not the wind existinguished my lamp, the robbers would have been drawn to the spot, and have murdered me. I perceive also that it was thy mercy which deprived me of my two companions, that they might not, by their noise, give notice to the banditti where I was. Praised, then, be thy name for ever and ever!' "

From the New-York Observer.

TO PARENTS.

Respected Friends,—I know how painful it is to be told of one's own faults, unless, at the same time, some peculiar excellence of character be pushed into notice, to restore the equilibrium of pride. Grant me then, this honorable postulate, that you regard the characters of your children as tenderly as your own,—and such an excellence is at hand. For the charge which I allege against you is, that your children, those bright ornaments of your summer, and solace of your autumnal days, possess intellectual excellences which you do not justly estimate. That you undervalue these gifts of intellect, if indeed you do, must be admitted to be a fault deserving reprehension.

If you call on me for evidence, I beg leave to refer you to the nature of your intercourse with your children. I ask if you do not converse with them, and treat them, in your general conduct, as though their minds were incapable of discerning many of the most simple truths Do you not avoid conversing with them on a thousand subjects, merely because you suppose they cannot understand them?

It is true, indeed, that, at this early period of life, they are unable to grasp the abstruse studies of science and philosophy, to any considerable extent; but, if I mistake not, some of you are as unwise in the management of your children, as if you should undertake to teach them even these. The arrow will be carried no farther by a bow entirely unbent, than if bent till it is broken. The mind, like the body, acquires strength by exertion; and, if neglected in childhood and youth, it will probably be nerveless in old age. I say probably: for to a very few the stores of genius are given in so large a measure, that no neglect, however great, can reduce the mind to absolute poverty. But, judging from your mode of conversation and intercourse with your children, it is fair to presume you do not rank them among the number.

You expect, then, or ought to do so, that their minds will become enriched nearly in proportion to their cultivation. If you neglect to apply the hoe and weeding-hook in due season, they will inevitably be overgrown with thorns and thistles. Sad sight indeed! Yet how many fond parents are compelled to behold it!

But great is the reward of faithfulness in the endearing relation you sustain as parents:—great even in this world, and still greater hereafter. What object in nature can so delight your senses, as to see the images of yourselves, intelligent and thoughtful, rising above their equals in age, at least so far as intellectual qualities are concerned, beloved by their friends, respected by all and promising to be an ornament and glory to your gray hairs! If you would witness this delightful scene, and partake of its happiness, converse with them, even in early childhood, as if possessing understanding and consideration. Act constantly on this principle, and you will soon find them to be such in reality. Rely upon it, they will not respect you the less, and they will love you more. You will become to them what the sun is to the earth—the source of light, animation, and happiness. Who is not entertained, when he is instructed, especially if that instruction be accompanied with the affectionate look and tender interest of a parent!

I have my eye, at this moment, upon a very interesting family, where this course has been uniformly pursued. The result is delightful. Most of the children are now grown up, and exhibit a maturity of mind, and an ease of address, as rare as they are pleasing. You would never leave them without regret, and never without admiration. Such, I believe, will usually be the result. Not that it will make all minds equally good—but it will make an ordinary mind good, and a good mind better.

The duty of affording such instruction to your children, is the more urgent, because they can obtain it from no other source. They cannot find it among their playfellows, and they cannot find it at school. It is of a different kind. At school, they may acquire the elements of knowledge,—perhaps I must say, knowledge itself; but it is the knowledge of books. It is just such knowledge as a man may possess abundantly, and yet be too justly called a dunce. It can make no compensation for that practical information which it is your province to communicate, and is valuable only in connection with it. The union of both, constitutes good sense.

There is another point of view in which the subject deserves to be considered. Ideas are like money at interest—constantly accumulating. One idea fairly in the child's possession at the age of three years, is more valuable than the same idea acquired at a later period of life, because, from the relation of one idea to another, it will soon gather others in its train, and these will perhaps give rise to another class, and so on. Add to this, that by an early exercise of the intellectual powers, a habit of thinking is gradually formed, which, in the end, effects wonders.

I will only ask you, in conclusion, to refer to your own early history, and recollect, as well as you can, in what estimation your minds were held by your parents. I do not ask whether they did, or did not, extol your intellectual powers, either by word or action, when in the presence of neighbours and friends,—but, what was the language of their general intercourse with you? Did they treat you as intelligent beings; or did they undertake to amuse you with trifles and nonsense! I hope the former. But, if so, you have great occasion for gratitude to heaven;—for such instances are rare. Thousands are compelled to look back with pain upon the days of their childhood, and lament that it was worse than wasted, when a foundation might have been laid for greater usefulness and eminence than they now enjoy, or can presume to expect in future.

That your children may be more judiciously educated, is the sincere desire of your unworthy friend.

Wanderer.

GENERAL BAPTISTS IN ENGLAND.

The General Free Communion Baptists have a hundred churches in England. *Philadelphia.*

POETRY.

From the Philadelphia Album.

TO CERTAIN DUELLISTS.

Go, ye that fain would sit on high,
In Legislation's halls;
That proudly boast, yet quail to die,
Save when false Honour calls.—
Go—and with witless mockery,
Scoff at your fellow; then,
Let blood wash out the insult, ye
Are honorable men!

Go, smite the stripling in his bloom;
'Tis Honour prompts the deed:
Send down gray hairs unto the tomb,
Bid woman's bosom bleed;
Go, speed your brother to the goal,
Where shines not Mercy's Star;
And with hot blood upon the soul,
Rush ye unto that bar.

Go, bravely rend the holiest ties:
Shrink not!—shall *Honour* fear?
Go, laugh to scorn the orphan's cries,
Jest at the widow's tear;
What boots it that her secret curse
Is written on your brow?
The world sees not, nor deems ye worse,
Though blood be on you now.

O, no—Derision's withering blot
Will never dim your fame;
He is the recreant who dares not
With murder gild his name;
Yet smile, vain world!—when whets God's sword,
With *him* it shall be well;
That smile—the Duellist's reward—
Is but the laugh of hell.

TAPPAN.

MEMOIR
OF THE LIFE OF
MISS CAROLINE E. SMELT.

[*Continued.*]

September 11th. She appeared so much better that little doubt was entertained of her recovery. This day she was visited by many of her friends, and was uncommonly zealous and feeling in her conversation with them. A very intelligent female friend, who heard her on this occasion, afterwards observed that she was the most divine preacher she had ever heard—that her eloquence and fervour far surpassed any thing she had ever witnessed—that her voice seemed to partake of the nature of heaven. Her prayers astonished every one. The same friend, at another time, expressed her surprise at the extraordinary powers which she exhibited. To this Caroline replied "my mental powers are exceedingly enlarged—the Holy Spirit is my teacher—of myself I could do nothing; but a new tongue hath been given me, and a new spirit put within me. Give God the praise; for he hath said, *out of the mouths of babes and sucklings shall praise be perfected.* Behold what he has done in my case! I, who could not, a few weeks ago raise my voice to be heard without embarrassment, particularly if the religion of Jesus was the subject, can now speak with holy boldness and inexpressible delight. My kind physicians try to impose silence; but I must speak. I have perhaps but a short time to labour—my Master's work I must do. His commands are more important than theirs, and I delight to do his will. O! that all the world could feel as I do. O that the Lord would make me the happy instrument of turning one soul to Christ. O! that my dear young friends would come out from the world, as my friend and brother Mr. J. used to say to me."

She then addressed some young persons who were present, in a most pathetic and eloquent manner, expressive of her most affectionate attachment and earnest solicitude for their present and future felicity Of this part of her exercises it is not believed that any complete or just representation can be given here; therefore it will not be attempted.

On the subject of worldly amusement she was uncommonly earnest and forcible. In speaking on this subject to some friends, she said, "let no person endowed with rational powers call them innocent or harmless. How can that be innocent which leads to a prodigal waste of precious time? How can that thing be called harmless which leads to an unnecessary exposure of health? How can that amusement be innocent which has not the glory of God for its object? How can that amusement be harmless which has a direct tendency to unfit the mind for devotional exercises? We are such frail creatures, that we constantly require some excitement to lead us to God, and not to estrange us from him. Will any venture to say that they have been brought to love the Lord Jesus better by having attended a theatre or a ball room? I presume not. I can say, from my own experience, that I never derived solid improvement or real pleasure from either. From neither of them have I ever derived any thing which could afford my mind the least satisfaction in hours devoted to self-examination, nor any thing to strengthen the soul against the terrors of death and judgment. I consider them worse than vanity—they are exceedingly *sinful.*"

She spoke much of her absent relatives and friends, and desired that particular messages might be delivered to them. She observed that it would afford her inexpressible satisfaction to see them once more—to tell them all what the Lord had done for her soul, and to encourage them to rest their hopes on him. "But," said she, "if it be decreed that we shall not meet again in this life, tell them it will be their own fault if we do not meet in another and a better world—tell them there is room enough for all in my Redeemer's kingdom—and he will give them a gracious reception, if they will only take up the cross and follow him." Then addressing herself particularly to her mother, she said, "O my mother! it would give me such happiness to see my pious friend, Mr J. I feel as if he was my *spiritual father*, my *dear brother* in the Lord. Could he see me now, I trust he would not be ashamed to own me as his child, his sister; no, he would gladly own the relationship." It was remarked by the many friends who saw her, that they never witnessed stronger filial affection in their lives. She was ever on the watch to pour the balm of consolation into the heart of her sorrowing mother: and omitted nothing that she thought calculated to relieve her feelings.

(*To be continued.*)

THE FLOWER GIRL.

"Pray buy a nosegay of a poor orphan!" said a female voice, in a plaintive and melodious tone, as I was passing the corner of a narrow street. I turned hastily, and beheld a girl of fourteen, whose drapery, though ragged, was clean, and whose form was such as a painter might have chosen for a youthful Venus. Her neck, without covering, was white as snow; and her features, though not regularly beautiful, were interesting, and set off by a transparent complexion; her eyes dark and intelligent, were shaded by loose ringlets of a raven black, and poured their sweetly supplicating beams through the silken shade of very long lashes On one arm hung a basket full of roses, and the other was stretched out towards me with one of the rose buds. I put my hand into my pocket, drew out some silver—"Take this, my pretty girl," said I, putting it into her's, "and may that God, who is the Father of the fatherless be the preserver of your excellence, and your virtue! Virtuous poverty is no crime"

I was turning from her, when she suddenly caught my withdrawn hand; and, putting it to her lips, burst into a flood of tears. The action, and the look which accompanied it, touched my soul! it melted to the artless gratitude of this poor Flower-girl, and a drop of sympathy fell from my cheeks "Forgive me, sir," said she, recovering from her transport, while a sweet blush diffused itself over her lovely face, "my heart was full of what it could not express; nature impelled me to so free an action. You will pardon the effect it had on me, when I tell you they were the first kind words I have heard since I lost all that was dear to me on earth. A sob interrupted her discourse; she stopped, and wept silently; then, raising up her face from the hand on which she had laid it, "O, sir! I have no father! no mother! no relation! Alas! I have no friend in the world!" Choked with her emotions, she was silent for a moment, before she could proceed. "My only friend is God! on him I rely! I submit to his will. I only pray that I may support, with fortitude, the miseries I am born to experience! To him, kind sir, this heart shall always pray for you. May that God forever protect you!" added she, dropping a courtesy, full of humility and native grace, as she retired. I returned her benediction, and went on.

"And can I thus leave this poor creature?" said I, as I walked pensively on. "Can I leave her forever, without emotion? what have I done for her, that can entitle me to her prayers? Preserved her a few days from death; but that is all! And shall I quit thee, fair flower, to see thee no more? to be blown down by the rude blast of adversity! to be cropped by some cruel spoiler! to droop thy lovely head beneath the blight of early sorrow! No! thou hast been reared on some happier bank; thou hast been nurtured by the sweet tears of maternal affection; thou hast once blushed beneath the cheering sun of domestic content, and under it thou shalt bloom again," I turned as I spake; my heart beat with its sweet purpose. I saw the beautiful Flower girl before me. I approached; I caught her hand; the words of triumphant virtue burst from my lips.

"Come, thou lovely, deserted girl; come, and add one more to the lovely group who call me father? Their home shall be thine, thou shalt share their comforts; thou shalt be taught with them, that virtue their father tries to practice!" She stopped me; her eyes flashed with a frantic joy; she flung herself on her knees before me, and burst into a flood of rapturous tears. I raised her in my arms; I hushed her eloquent gratitude, I led her to a home of happiness and piety. She loves my children; she loves their father; and the poor orphan Flower-girl is now the wife of my son.

AFFLICTIONS.

Afflictions sent by Providence, melt the constancy of the noble mind, but confirm the obduracy of the vile. The same furnace that hardens clay, liquifies gold; and in the strong manifestations of divine power, Pharaoh found his punishment, but David his pardon.

The firmest friendships have been formed in mutual adversity, as iron is most strongly united by the fiercest flame.